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A

L E T T E R

FROM AN

HUTCHINSONIAN

TO HIS

F R I E N D,

RELATING TO A

Remarkable Prophecy lately fulfilled.

O X F O R D,

Printed for J. BARRETT; and sold by R. BALDWIN,  
at the *Rose* in *Pater-noster Row*, London. 1752.

[ Price Six-pence. ]





A  
L E T T E R  
F R O M   A N

*Hutchinsonian* to his Friend.

*Dear Brother,*

I Canot pass over a Discovery lately made by one of our happy Turn of Mind, and indefatigable Pains, as it may possibly tend to occasion Enquiries of the like useful Nature, by future Geniuses.

You are no Stranger to that inimitable Work lately come out, call'd, *The Theology*

A 2

*and*



*and Philosophy of the Ancients demonstrated to be perfectly agreeable to the Newtonian System, or somewhat to that Purpose, with a Word or two about Somnium Scipionis: In which we so happily find that Chaotick Hodge-podge of unintelligible Contradictions (as the Author judiciously Stiles it) entirely exploded, the World restored to the true Way of thinking, and at length rescued from that grand Usurper Sir Isaac Newton. This we know is come to pass, but I flatter my self that few People yet know how long it has been foretold, which is the Discovery my Friend has made, and doubt not but it will be agreeable to the Curious in Letters.*

In that old, that excellent Ballad of the *Dragon of Wantley* destroyed by *Moore of Moore-Hall*, you may find all this Affair clearly foretold, and now as easily demonstrated. First, it is certain from the strictest Enquiries, that the Fight could not be literally true; because we have Reason to believe there never was such a Creature ever seen, or heard of before, as this, here described, neither does History mention the least Account of this strange Transaction, which inclines us to think it purely Allegorical. This will the better appear

pear by comparing the most remarkable Passages, as they occur in the Poem, with the Events which have happened. First, by this *Dragon* is undoubtedly meant Sir *Isaac Newton*, and by the *Champion* is designed our Author of the *Somnium Scipionis*, as will appear from the first Stanza, where, speaking of *Hercules* slaying the *Hydra*, he says,

“ But He had a Club, this Dragon to drub,  
 “ Or he ne’er would have done it I warrant ye,  
 “ But *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*—*with nothing at all*,  
 “ He slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

This cannot be understood to mean any Thing in Nature but our Author’s destroying Sir *Isaac*, as the very Manner is so emphatically described, in which he has destroyed him, viz. *With nothing at all*.

The next Stanzas are a lively Description of the Dragon, his Wings, his Sting, his iron Teeth, and long Claws, his Hide, and its toughness, by which we are to understand the formidable Sir *Isaac*, deem’d for many Years invincible, and carrying all before him. Afterwards we find this Monster’s Proceedings elegantly



elegantly allegorised by the *Trojan Horse*, &c. by which is described his swallowing up the Philosophers of his own Time, “ *that with him could not grapple.*” But how plain does it appear from part of the ensuing Verse, who is the Person described ! “ *Houses and Churches were,*” what ?——Why to him “ *Geese and Turkies ;*” he eat up *all* and left *none* behind. What can this be but a plain Allusion to the wicked Philosophy of Sir *Isaac*, which would destroy all Christianity, and beat down every Thing sacred. In the same Verse ’tis said,

“ But some *Stones* dear *Jack*,

“ Which he could not crack

“ Upon the Hills you’ll find.

By these Stones which he could not crack, are signified those unintelligible Parts of his Philosophy, so humourously ridiculed by our Author, his Attraction, Gravity, Impulses, Subtile Spirits, &c.

It is a received Custom among the lower Class of People, to look upon every Man of uncommon Learning to be somewhat more than Man, and ascribe Experiments in Philosophy

sophy to somewhat more than natural Causes:  
This seems to be hinted at in those Lines  
where we read,

“ Some say this Dragon was a Witch,

“ Some say he was a Devil,

“ For from his Nose, a Smoke arose

“ And with it burning Snivel.

That Sir *Isaac* pass'd for a Conjuror among  
the Vulgar is too trite to need Confirmation;  
and the last Lines plainly intimate somewhat  
of a chymical Genius, making a Well look  
“ like *burning Brandy*,” Experiments of which  
Nature he often made.

Now comes the Account of the Knight,  
which was to destroy this Dragon and how is  
he described? Why—“ that He could wrestle,  
“ kick, and cuff, play Quarter-staff, do any  
“ kind of Thing.” Now by this Knight is  
meant the Author of the *Somnium Scipionis*,  
For——has he not kick'd and cuff'd Sir  
*Isaac* very beautifully? Has he not wrestled  
with the whole System of his Philosophy?  
Has he not play'd at Quarter-staff with *Row-*  
*ning* the Philosopher? And cannot he that  
has



has done this, “ do any kind of Thing ?”  
Surely ’tis he, who can it mean else ?

The other Part of the Description must relate to some gallant Exploit of our Author’s not yet well known ; it is couched under the Image of “ swinging a Horse by the Mane “ and Tail, and eating him all up but his “ Head.” Whether our Knight has yet fulfilled this or not, Time must determine ; but from these Allusions ’tis plain he was born to be a great Man.

But to go on——we have next these Lines,

“ These Children as I told being eat,  
“ Men, Women, Girls and Boys,  
“ Sighing and sobbing came to his Lodging,  
“ Making a hideous Noise.

That is to say,—the Time shall come when the World shall begin to open their Eyes and be deluded no more, by this vain Pretender, and Monopolizer of Philosophy, but shall seek a *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*. “ They shall now awake out of that Indolence and Lethargy “ they seem buried in,”—if I may use the  
Words



Words of our Author's beautiful Postscript,  
 " and claim Reason for their Prerogative."

We are told in the next Stanza, that they offer'd the Peerless Knight their Goods for this Service ; nay would not so much as leave themselves a Rag on, if he would deliver them from this Dragon : But our Knight refuses their Offers, and generously undertakes their Deliverance, at the usual Price of all Knight-errants, namely, a fine Wench. What is to be understood by this, but a beautiful Picture of the noble, gen'rous Soul which should arise, moved by no lucrative Views, tempted by no Motive, but the Hopes of setting to rights a mistaken World, claiming no Reward but the Merit of the Deed——" that  
 " Wench smiling about the Mouth."

All these Matters thus settled, the next Lines informs us the manner and Place where he chose his Armour, in which Description somewhat peculiarly interesting, the Fraternity of *Hutch—f—ns* occurs :

" With Spikes all about, not within, but without

" Of Steel so sharp and strong,

" Both behind and before, arms, legs and all o'er,

" Some five or six Inches long.

You see, dear Brother, it is said he was armed with Spikes, not *within* but *without*: My Friend has found no small Room to interpret this Passage greatly in our Favour, and assures me, it is a plain Indication of the Invalidity of Philosophers modern internal Armour, composed of Suppositions, Conjectures, Demonstrations and the like; and implies that nothing is wanting but one rough rugged Hebrew Coat of Mail, not *within* but *without*, to destroy our Enemies and save Ourselves: And farther adds, that the Word *within* is here to be look'd on as Typical, more particularly respecting that Passage of our Author's, in which he talks so pathetically concerning the present enlighten'd Age, about the "Self-Irradiation" and Light of Nature, Pag. 39. and humbly moves that a Tax be laid on illuminated Capacities.

You see, dear Brother, how great Discoveries may be made by proper Application, and a right Method of investigating Truth. How long has this undoubted Prophecy slept, unregarded by the Learned, till the Penetration of one Man unfolded its latent Mysteries! Nor is it in the least to be questioned, but as useful Discoveries may be made, from  
other



other ancient Pieces of this Nature, if properly undertaken. I have persuaded my Friend to engage in that romantick Tale of *St. George* and the Dragon, who tells me there is more in that Piece than People at present imagine ; and says he is fully convinced that whatever Writing, whether in Prose or Verse, contains any Thing relating to a Dragon, must signify somewhat more than common ; and as he has so happily succeeded in this present Undertaking, I make no Scruple of joining with him in his Opinion of Dragons.

But to return, the Poem next tells us, what a formidable Figure the Knight made when thus arm'd, that every Thing was afraid of him ; and describes the Peoples Eagerness to be Spectators of the Combat, their getting on House-tops, &c. all which must relate to the Curiosity of Mankind, and the Expectations they had from our Author's great Undertaking. His drinking six Pots of Ale, and a Quart of *Aqua Vitæ* prettily paints our Author's Thirst after Knowledge, and the Pains he took to qualify himself for the Enterprize. But a very beautiful Allegory next presents itself, which deserves particular Notice :

“ It is not Strength that always wins,  
 “ For Wit does Strength excel,  
 “ Which made our cunning Champion  
 “ Creep down into a Well.

Now, dear Brother, observe this Passage of his creeping down into a Well :—— Don't you know the Ancients tell us that *Truth* lies in a Well? What can be a greater Compliment to the Author of this late *Somnium* than this here mentioned? May not we readily agree in thinking it signifies, that it must be Truth alone which must demolish this Dragon? And how happily has this part of the Prophecy been brought to pass?

Next let us consider the Manner in which the Attack began, we find it said, that

“ As he stoop'd low, he rose up, and cry'd—boh  
 “ And hit him on the *Mouth*.

This needs no great Explanation, our Author's Method of attacking Sir *Isaac* sufficiently clears up the Meaning ; — The Author's Victory results from making use  
of



of Sir *Dragon's* own Words against himself, and answers perfectly to “ hitting him “ on the Mouth ;” That this has been our Author’s Method of silencing his Antagonist needs no other Proof than the bare Quotation of his own Words, Pag. 52. “ I have only “ given their *own Account* of it.”

The remaining Part of this Poem describes a very severe Engagement, but I believe with my Friend, that the total Demolition of the Dragon is not fully accomplished as yet: But Time will verify the whole, and clear up every Passage. Perhaps some ridiculous Advocates of Sir *Isaac* may possibly hereafter treat our Author with Contempt, think meanly of the Performance, and try to expose it in the most ridiculous manner; this my Friend assures me is his Opinion, and that he believes, by this Means, will be brought to pass the Dragon’s turning and shitting at him. Then again, says he, shall we see our Author exerting his Fury, and closing again Hand and Foot, in Defence of Truth, against a Troop of Malevolent Scribblers; and lo! the Word shall be “ Hey “ Boys, hey! Thus, after some few Blows, we shall live to see our Author with some unexpected kick in the A—se or other, given these

these pityful Defenders, destroy their Systems, restore Truth, and the *Great Dragon* Sir *Isaac* with his unintelligible Hodge-podge of Chaotick Contradictions, shall—"groan—kick,—  
 "sh—t, and die." So shall be accomplish'd the Words of the Song.

Thus, Brother, have I unfolded the Discovery of him, who like the Bee, *studio fal-lente laborem*, finds Honey to extract from every Flower. Let our Enemies smile, for Enemies you know we have, who despise us happy in Opinion, and think us a Company of rude illiterate People, unacquainted with what they call the *liberal* Sciences, unpolish'd in our Understandings, addicted to no useful Study, but hurried down the fantastic Windings of chimerical Streams, and at length totally swallowed up in the Ocean of Error. Let them smile, I say, and let this Discovery, if ought can, rouse them to join with the enlighten'd Part of Mankind. My Friend tells me, that at this happy Juncture, when busied in reconciling Events to those Predictions, he found his Soul become on a sudden as though it had Wings, a Spirit of Penetration seiz'd him, he felt a marvellous Force in his Body, and the Eyes of his Understanding became piercing  
 even



even as an Eagle's. A subtle Wind lifted him up to the Top of Mount *Uriel*, where he beheld marvellous Things. Here was he ravish'd; the Exaltation of his State made Mortality disgorge itself. Here saw he the Years past, in which Darknes had obnubilated the Rays of intellectual Effulgency. Here saw he that Illuminator which is now come to wipe away the Dust of vain Philosophy, and annihilate the Inanity of absurd Nothingness. Some might think this Nonsense, but thou knowest our Manner of Writing: Flights of this Kind not having escaped our Deliverer himself; even he—the Writer of *SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS*. 'Tis but lately, dear *Brother*, that *you* became one of us, and I hope to find few whom Time and Cogitation will not thoroughly emancipate from the Prejudices of stubborn Education. Remain steadfast——be not in the Number of the Deluded, Then would'st thou become an Apostate, thy Virtues, would be Vices, and all thy Good Works, an Abomination.

A D I E U.

POSTSCRIPT.

*P O S T S C R I P T.*

**Y**OU must be sensible, from former Conversation, that I am no Dabbler in the Poetic Streams, loving to take copious draughts at the great Source of Knowledge ; yet must beg of you to communicate to your Friend, and every one's Friend, the Greatest of Great Writers, the inclosed Lines, as the small Tribute of a grateful Heart, which pants with sincere Love for him and his Performance.



THE  
ANAIDEID,

A Poem in *Miltonic* Verse.

By ÆNEAS REDIVIVUS.

Ὁ μεγίστη τῶν θεῶν  
ῥοῦ' εἰς ἀναιδεία.

MENANDER.

— *Puduisse tantum pudet.* BONVETUS.

**H**APPY the Man whose big embolden'd  
Front,

(Nought unattempting) braves the bauble world,  
Fixt \* in that brazen Bulwark of the Soul,  
Blest Impudence;—Come thou who first defy'd  
Omnipotence to Arms, first warr'd in Heav'n,  
Th' earliest Patron of my Theme: I thence  
Invoke thine Aid to my advent'rous Muse.  
Yet hold—avaunt—a sacred Song records, †

\* Hic murus æthereus esto nulla rubescere culpa.

HOR.

† See Milton.

At *Zephron's* grave Rebuke, abash'd thou stood'st,  
 Apostate base!—*Hybernia*, dauntless Maid, \*  
 Cloath'd in transcendant Boldness to outfront,  
 Myriads tho' bold, shall countenance my Song.  
 Say first what wrought in *Eden* foul Revolt,  
 Blest Pair! in happy State secure of Harm,  
 Till Impudence innate, that (as a Veil)  
 Long shadow'd them from ought of Ill, was gone,  
 Then (Confidence abandon'd) naked left,  
 To guilty Shame, Evil unknown before. ‡  
 Deep in the foul Disgrace two Ages pass'd,  
 The † Third, from Evil seeking to bring Good,  
 (Itself devoid of Ill) to Glory wak'd.  
 Each potent Son arm'd his obdurate Front  
 With matchless Impudence, and triple Brass,  
 Adown no Female Cheek, base flushing glow'd;  
 But each with each, amidst Communion sweet,  
 Obey'd the Voice INCREASE AND MULTIPLY,

\* Πείρα δ' ἀριγνώτη πείλειαι, καλαὶ δὲ τε παῖται.

Hom. Odyf.

‡ Before the Fall, it is said they were both naked, and yet were not ashamed: GENESIS.

† Tertia post illas, successit Æneia Proles  
 Nec feele ata tamen—

OVID.



That gen'ral Act of Heav'n to nat'ralize.  
 Sing Muse, the Prime among the Nations round,  
 Audacious Sons ! from Ancestors revered,  
 Whose daring Feats immortal Records hold,  
 Invulnerably great ; with these recount,  
*Salmonæus* thund'ring from his Car, to mock,  
 The loud-compelling *Jove* ; and him who erst,  
 Smote with the Love of Fame, that Fabric raz'd \*  
 Sacred to Modesty ; *Ephesian* Pride !  
 Nor yet in Silence pass *Thersites* quaint, †  
 Whose dog-like Front stern *Peleus'* Son oppos'd,  
 Deed unsurpass'd ; as sings the Bard sublime.

The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd  
 By Sculpture witness'd of Corinthian pure,  
 Best Emblem of such Deed ; yet more secure,  
 In Verse, still greater Monument of Fame. ‡  
 To modern Heroes, now attune thy Note ;  
 Presumptuous Task ! yet Argument not less,  
 But more deserving thy Rehearsal sweet.

\* Erostratus fir'd the Temple of Diana, Goddess of Pudicity.

† Φοξός ἔην κεφαλὴν, &c.

HOM. *Iliad*.

‡ Monumentum ære perennius.

HOR.

O *W—rb—n* that erst with Glory crown'd, \*  
 Look'ft from thy sole Dominion, eminent,  
 Thee next we call, now with no friendly Voice,  
 Mighty Apostate ! O how fall'n, how chang'd !  
 Shorn of thy Beams, when gay *Pentweazle* smil'd,  
 Hid'ft thy diminish'd Head, low sunk in Shame,  
 Total Eclipse ! such Joy Ambition finds !  
 Not so—that Prince of Impudence confess'd, †  
 Who (like the brazen Head of old renown'd)  
 From Tub, and Lungs of Adamant, unfolds,  
 Myfterious Prophecy ; around him wait,  
 Respect, with wealth, high honour, loud applause,  
 Fair offspring of Desert ; whilst o'er his Brow,  
 Just Glory smiling from her Temple bright,  
 Dazzles the modest Eye ;—by this inspir'd  
 The mighty Soul, unfetter'd, soars to Fame,  
 Boldly atchieving scorns the dastard Race,  
 Whose latent Virtues in close silence sleep, §

\* See a Letter to the most impudent Man living, viz. this Hero, who has since been abash'd by *Pentweazle*, &c.

† A noted Orator, remarkable for this Qualification, otherwise could not have withstood the many Efforts to discountenance his Proceedings.

§ *Paulo sepultæ distat inertie Celata Virtus.*



Within base Tomb of Modesty, immur'd.  
 Sure Refuge here, hath glad Experience taught,  
 The needy Sons, of fam'd *Hybernia's* Land, \*  
 Aspiring each, strong as the *Trojan* Boy,  
 His raptur'd *Helen* bears (transcendant Prize).  
 Perchance the offspring of some wealthy Cit,  
 To Wedlock's Band;—then mocks the Father's

Woe,

Withstands the dread Artillery of Law,  
 And braves a ten Years Siege; with this full fraught,  
 Brisk *Proteus* shines true Mirrour of the World, †  
 Assumes each Gesture, is whate'er he wills,  
 The fawning Courtier, now the solemn Judge,  
 The buskin'd Hero, or the brainless Beau,  
 With pliant Limb, and discipline of Face,  
 Displays Mankind, the noblest Work of God.

What Ills has Modesty entail'd on Life,  
 To bring in Fraud and Diffidence in Love!  
 Trust not the Man, ye Fair, that wears Deceit;  
 Whose Looks demure are Lies; while Falshood base

\* Irish Fortune Hunters.

† Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras.  
 Nam modo te asinum, modo te videre leonem. OVID.

Smiles from his Lip, and flatters in his Eye.  
 False Face conceals false Heart;—be this your guide,  
 Assurance is the Dress of honest Passion.

Learn Academic, with disdain to quit,  
 The mouse-gnawn Page, and rest thy weary'd eye;  
 Let Voice of Thunder, categorick brow,  
 With hardy Feature, unembarrass'd Front,  
 Inspire, with contradiction to oppose,  
 Each bookworm Rival ;—hail, thrice hail! the sect,  
 That puzzles Truth, with learn'd Obscurity!  
 To you, we trust the Conduct of the World :  
 Arm therefore, gallant Friends ! 'tis Science calls,  
 Your Meaning faint, yet is Opinion strong :  
 Be this your trust, to save the injur'd Maid,  
 From \* Dragons dire——blest be *He* that dares  
 In tripple folds of stern effrontery Clad †  
 The Monster foil ; from Flames uplifted Trump  
 Around shall Eccho, that stupendous deed  
 Till future Ages catch the Brazen Tale,  
 And \* \* \* \* \* defunt Multa.

\* This seems allusive.

† Illi æs triplex circa pectus erat qui, &c.

HORACE.